

"BLAKE'S SEVEN - EPISODE 5: 'THE WEB'

CAST:

BLAKE
VILA
AVON
CALLY
JENNA
GAN

AND THE VOICE OF ZEN

NOVARA
GEELA
SAYMON
DECIMAS

* * * * *

SETS:

Liberator's Flight Deck (As Pt.4)
Liberator's Teleport Section (As Pt.4)
Liberator's Corridor (As Pt.4)
Wall Section Liberator's Hold - with Power Junction (As Pt.4)
Int. Life Support Cell (New Set)
Int. Space Laboratory (New Set)

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TELECINE:

Ext. Compound
Ext. Space Lab (New Set)
Liberator in Space - Models

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"BLAKE'S SEVEN"

"EPISODE 5: 'The Web'"

by

Terry Nation

TELECINE 1:

Main Titles Sequence

SUPOSE CAM Opening
 Titles
 and Credits:

END TELECINE 1

1. INT. LIFE SUPPORT CELL. NIGHT.

(A SMALL ROOM.

THE ONLY ILLUMINATION
COMES FROM THE EERIE
GREEN AND RED GLOW
OF INDICATOR LIGHTS
AND DIALS.

THE SMALL CELL IS
PACKED WITH MEDICAL,
ELECTRONIC, CHEMICAL
AND MECHANICAL
EQUIPMENT ALL OF WHICH
IS CONNECTED BY CABLES
AND TUBES AND WIRES
TO AN INCLINED CONTAINER.

THE CONTAINER IS
RATHER LIKE THE
LOWER HALF OF A
COFFIN, BUT ITS
INTERIOR IS MOULDED
TO THE EXACT SHAPE
OF ITS OCCUPANT.

THE OCCUPANT IS
SAYMON. HE WEARS
A SINGLE PIECE
COSTUME IN WHICH
THERE ARE MANY
TERMINALS AND
JUNCTIONS TO LINK
IN THE VARIOUS
LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS.
THE ONLY EXPOSED PART
OF SAYMON'S BODY IS
HIS VERY ANCIENT
FACE, AND EVEN
THIS IS PARTLY
HIDDEN BY DEVICES.
OVER THE TOP OF THE
CONTAINER IS A THIN
FILM OF TRANSPARENT
PLASTIC.

BEFORE SEEING
SAYMON IN ANY
DETAIL, WE LET THE
CAMERA ROVE AROUND
THE ROOM, PICKING
OUT DETAILS OF THE
COMPLEX MASS OF
EQUIPMENT. WE ARE
AWARE THAT THE
INSTRUMENTS ARE
WORKING. THEIR
VERY GENTLE,
COMBINED SOUND IS
ALMOST LIKE BREATHING.

THE MACHINES ARE
THE ONLY SIGN OF
LIFE IN THE CELL.
THERE IS A LAYER
OF DUST EVERYWHERE.
COBWEBS FESTOON THE
EQUIPMENT.

AS THE CAMERA MOVES
AROUND WE SEE IN
ONE CORNER OF THE
ROOM TWO HUMAN
FIGURES. THEY
LIE TOTALLY
MOTIONLESS AS THOUGH
DEAD. THEY ARE:
GEELA, A VERY
BEAUTIFUL GIRL
IN HER MID-TWENTIES
AND NOVARA, A GOOD
LOOKING MAN OF ABOUT
THIRTY.

BOTH ARE DRESSED
IN ONE-PIECE
COSTUMES. THEY
LIE ON THE FLOOR
LIKE A CHILD'S
DISCARDED DOLLS.
BUT THEY DO NOT HAVE
THE LIMPNESS OF DOLLS,
INSTEAD, THEIR
POSITIONS ARE
STIFF AND UNNATURAL.
THERE IS NO SIGN OF
LIFE FROM EITHER
OF THEM, AND AS WE
LOOK MORE CLOSELY
WE SEE THAT A COBWEB
HAS GROWN ACROSS THE
FACE OF GEELA.
ESTABLISH BRIEFLY.

THE CAMERA MOVES
TO SAYMON. ON TO
THE FACE. THE EYES
ARE CLOSED. NO
FLICKER OF LIFE
SHOWS UNTIL WE
ARE FAIRLY CLOSE UP
ON TO THE FACE,
THEN THE EYES SEEM
TO SNAP WIDE OPEN.
THE EYES BENEATH
THE LIFTED LIDS
ARE TOTALLY WHITE.
THEY HAVE NO PUPIL.
THE EYES STARE,
UNBLINKINGLY.

WHEN WE HEAR
SAYMON'S VOICE,
IT IS A SOFT,
SIBILANT WHISPER.
THERE IS NO
MOVEMENT FROM
HIS THROAT OR
LIPS. IT IS
A TELEPATHIC VOICE)

SAYMON: (V.O.) They must come to us.
They must. They must ...

(CLOSE ON HIS
STARING EYES)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Liberator in Flight.
Night.

(Stock)

From the depths of star
filled space the
Liberator flashes
across thescreen.

END TELECINE 2.

2. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(JENNA SITS ALONE
AT THE CONTROLS.
SHE CHECKS A
READING THEN
ACTIVATES A
COMMUNICATOR.

THERE IS A BRIEF
PAUSE)

BLAKE: (V.O.) (SLEEPILY) Blake.

JENNA: Jenna. Sorry to wake you,
but I think you'd better get up
here.

BLAKE: (V.O.) What's wrong?

JENNA: Our speed's increasing.

BLAKE: (V.O.) Can't you compensate?

JENNA: It's not an external influence
it's us. The primary drive's
accelerating ...

BLAKE: (V.O.) On my way.

3. INT. WALL SECTION LIBERATOR'S HOLD. NIGHT.

(C.U. ON THE POWER
JUNCTION ACCESS
PANEL - AS USED
IN EPISODE 4 -
SOMEONE IS CARE-
FULLY FITTING A
COLLAR ROUND THE
MAIN POWER TUBE.
ONCE IT IS IN
PLACE A SMALL
CONTROL PANEL
ON THE COLLAR
IS ACTIVATED BY
PRESSING A BUTTON.
TWO SMALL LIGHTS
BEGIN TO FLASH.
AS THE TASK IS
COMPLETED WE SEE
FOR THE FIRST TIME
THAT IT IS CALLY
WHO HAS BEEN WORKING.
HER MOVEMENTS
ARE GUARDED AND
STEALTHY. SHE
PICKS UP A SMALL
TOOL PACK AND SLIPS
AWAY)

4. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(JENNA IS
CONCENTRATING
ON THE CONTROLS.

BLAKE ENTERS
HURRYING)

BLAKE: Well?

JENNA: Speed's standard by three
and building.

BLAKE: How quickly?

JENNA: If it continues we'll
be off the scale in twelve minutes.
Zen says the automatic repair
system should have it under
control before then though. Seems
it's a malfunction in the p - n
overrides.

BLAKE: (TO ZEN) Estimated
repair time?

ZEN: (THE ZEN VISUAL ACTIVATES)
Eleven points three zero two
minutes.

BLAKE: That's running it a bit
close. What caused the malfunction?

ZEN: It was deliberately induced.
Zen (THE LAST CONSONANT IS DRAWN OUT
INTO AN ELECTRONIC NOTE AND THE
VISUAL SWITCHES OFF)

- 9 -

JENNA: Deliberately induced?

BLAKE: (GRIMLY) We've got a
saboteur on board.

- 9 -

5. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(CALLY SLIPS
STEALTHILY
ALONG THE
CORRIDOR.
BEHIND HER VILA
EMERGES FROM A
SIDE DOOR. HE
IS WEARING HIS
NEW COSTUME)

VILA: (CALLS) Cally?

(SHE STOPS DEAD
IN HER TRACKS
AND STANDS
MOTIONLESS.
SHE DOES NOT
TURN AS VILA
APPROACHES)

What do you think of the new
outfit?

(PLEASED WITH HIS
APPEARANCE HE DOES
NOT NOTICE HER
STRANGE BEHAVIOUR
UNTIL HE HAS
CAUGHT UP WITH HER)

Cally?

(CALLY TURNS SHARPLY
AND IN THE SAME
SMOOTH MOVEMENT
SMASHES VILA ACROSS

THE SIDE OF THE
HEAD WITH THE
TOOL PACK SHE
IS CARRYING.

VILA COLLAPSES
IN A HEAP.

WITH BARELY A
GLANCE AT HIS
UNCONSCIOUS
BODY CALLY
CONTINUES ON
HER WAY)

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Liberator in
Flight. Night.

(Stock)

Liberator flashes
across the screen.

END TELECINE 3.

6. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(BLAKE AND JENNA
ARE STILL ALONE)

JENNA: Speed standard by four, still
rising.

(BLAKE ACTIVATES
A COMMUNICATOR)

AVON: (V.O.) Avon.

BLAKE: I need you on the flight
deck.

AVON: (V.O.) I'm busy.

BLAKE: (CURTLY) Now Avon! (TURNS)
Zen?

(THE ZEN VISUAL
ACTIVATES)

How are the repairs?

ZEN: They are proceeding on schedule.

BLAKE: Who did the damage?

(THERE IS NO REPLY)

Well?

ZEN: Involvement is not permitted.

BLAKE: If the ship's destroyed
lofty disinterest won't save you.

JENNA: Speed standard by five,
still rising.

BLAKE: (TO ZEN) Forward detectors
on maximum. Full scan. Abort
course programmes. Key all
navigation systems to anticipate
potential collisions and neutralise.

ZEN: Confirmed.

(BLAKE RETURNS TO
THE COMMUNICATOR)

BLAKE: Avon!

AVON: (V.O.) Alright!

7. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. NIGHT.

(AVON HAS THE COVER OFF
A CONTROL CONSOLE AND IS
PEERING INSIDE MAKING
NOTES ON WHAT HE SEES)

BLAKE: (V.O.) If it was alright I
wouldn't need you here?

(WITH A SHOW OF IRRITATION
AVON PUTS DOWN HIS NOTE
BLOCK AND STYLUS. HE
LOOKS UP AND NOTICES
THAT CALLY IS STANDING
A LITTLE WAY OFF
WATCHING HIM SILENTLY)

AVON: Our leader seems a bit piqued.

CALLY: What are you doing?

AVON: A little private research.

(CALLY MOVES TO LOOK
INSIDE THE CONSOLE.
SHE STANDS VERY CLOSE
TO AVON. HE IS
CONSCIOUS OF HER
NEARNESS)

CALLY: Why?

AVON: (A LITTLE UNCERTAINLY) All
knowledge is valuable.

(CALLY TURNS HER HEAD
AND LOOKS INTO AVON'S
EYES. SHE SMILES AND
STARES INTO HIS EYES
FOR A LONG MOMENT)

CALLY: Which are the forward
detector links?

AVON: (VAGUELY) What? Oh um
(POINTS INTO THE CONSOLE) those
two there. Why do you want to know
that?

CALLY: I am interested in your work.

(SHE LOOKS BACK INTO
HIS EYES)

AVON: (UNCOMFORTABLY) Yes... Well...
I'll go and see what Blake wants.

(IN HIS EMBARRASSMENT AVON
STUMBLES SILENTLY OVER
HIS OWN FEET AS HE HURRIES
TO THE DOOR. CALLY REMAINS
WHERE SHE IS. AS SOON AS
AVON HAS GONE SHE MOVES
QUICKLY ACROSS TO COLLECT
THE TOOL PACK FROM WHERE
SHE LEFT IT CONCEALED.
SHE RETURNS TO THE CONSOLE)

8. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(AVON IS FACING AN ANGRY
BLAKE. JENNA IS STILL
AT THE CONTROLS)

AVON: (HUFFILY) What exactly are
you accusing me of?

BLAKE: (CONTROLLING HIMSELF) I'm
asking whether your researches have
included the p - n overrides.

AVON: That's my business.

(BLAKE LOSES HIS TEMPER)

BLAKE: You -

(HE GRABS AVON BY THE
FRONT OF HIS TUNIC)

(DEFIANT - IF A LITTLE
SHRILL)

AVON: Finally got under your skin
did I?

BLAKE: (ICILY) If you value your
skin you'll answer my question or
I'll feed you to the vacuum now.

AVON: I haven't been near them.

JENNA: Speed is standard by six and
still rising.

(BLAKE RELEASES AVON)

ZEN: There is a partial malfunction
on the forward detectors.

9. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION NIGHT.

(THERE IS AN INTENSELY
BRIGHT LIGHT WHICH
SPARKS AND FLASHES,
COMING FROM INSIDE
THE CONSOLE WHERE
CALLY IS WORKING.
SHE QUICKLY LAYS
ASIDE A PAIR OF
CUTTERS AND PLUNGES
HER UNPROTECTED
HAND INTO THE LIGHT.
SHE SHOWS NO SIGN
OF PAIN)

10. INT: LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(FOR A FROZEN MOMENT
OF SHOCK BLAKE,
AVON AND JENNA ARE
STARING AT ZEN)

ZEN: Forward detectors are now
disfunctional. Navigation computers
have switched to theoretical
projection.

BLAKE: (QUIETLY) Now we're blind as
well.

JENNA: But who - ?

AVON: Cally. It's Cally!

(HE RUNS FOR THE DOOR)

BLAKE: (TO JENNA) Warn Gan and Vila.

(HE RACES AFTER AVON.
JENNA ACTIVATES A
COMMUNICATOR)

JENNA: Gan? Respond please.

GAN: (V.O.) What is it Jenna?

11. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.
NIGHT.

(BLAKE AND AVON
ARE STANDING
QUITE STILL.

CALLY IS COVERING
THEM WITH HER
GUN. BLAKE
BEGINS TO MOVE,
SLOWLY AND
CAREFULLY OPENING
A SPACE BETWEEN
HIMSELF AND AVON)

CALLY: (FLATLY) I should regret the
necessity to kill you.

(BLAKE STOPS
MOVING)

BLAKE: Why are you doing this Cally?

CALLY: They must come.

BLAKE: Who must come?

CALLY: Move back to the flight deck.

AVON: Look at the burns on her hand.

(WE SEE THAT THE
HAND WITH WHICH
CALLY IS HOLDING
THE GUN IS BADLY
BURNED)

She pulled those links with her bare
hands.

BLAKE: (TO CALLY) You must be in agony. Cally?

CALLY: I will kill you if you do not obey.

(THEY MOVE TOWARDS
THE FLIGHT DECK)

12. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(JENNA GLANCES
UP FROM HER
CONTROLS AS
BLAKE AND AVON
ENTER)

JENNA: Standard by seven, rate of
acceleration seems to be increasing -

(SHE REACTS AS
SHE SEES CALLY
ENTER)

It was you then.

(CALLY GESTURES WITH
HER GUN FOR JENNA
TO JOIN BLAKE
AND AVON. FOR
A MOMENT JENNA
SIMPLY STARES)

CALLY: Must you each invite death?

(JENNA GETS UP
STILL STARING
AT CALLY AND
JOINS BLAKE AND
AVON.

CALLY CROSSES
SWIFTLY TO THE
PILOT POSITION AND
OPERATES THE
CONTROLS)

JENNA: The navigation computers
can't cope with a change of course!
They're working blind now!

(GAN ENTERS THE
FLIGHT DECK
THROUGH ANOTHER
ENTRANCE. HE IS
NOT IMMEDIATELY
SPOTTED BY CALLY.
HE HESITATES,
TRYING TO WORK
OUT EXACTLY WHAT
IS HAPPENING.
BLAKE MOVES TO
DISTRACT CALLY)

CALLY: Stand still.

(HE STOPS)

BLAKE: Jenna's right, Cally.

(HE BEGINS TO MOVE
SLOWLY TOWARDS
HER AGAIN NEVER
TAKING HIS EYES
FROM HER FACE)

The ship's out of control. We're as
good as dead now. Zen what's our
speed?

ZAN: Standard by eight point six
five.

(GAN BEGINS TO MOVE
STEALTHILY TOWARDS
CALLY'S BACK)

AVON: If you're trying to steal the
ship there are safer ways ...

(GAN HAS ALMOST
REACHED HER WHEN
SOMETHING ALERTS
CALLY AND SHE
STARTS TO TURN
TOWARDS HIM)

JENNA: (LOUDLY) You're not Cally
are you?

(THIS STOPS CALLY.
SHE LOOKS HARD AT
JENNA AND AIMS
THE GUN. IT IS
CLEAR THAT SHE IS
GOING TO KILL HER.)

GAN REACHES
CALLY. WITH HIS
FIST HE CHOPS DOWN
SOLIDLY JUST
ABOVE THE WRIST
OF HER GUN HAND.
THE GUN FALLS FROM
HER PARALYSED
FINGERS. LIGHTLY
SHE STEPS AWAY FROM
HIM THEN PIVOTS AND
KICKS HIM IN THE
STOMACH. HE GOES
DOWN.

BLAKE CLOSES ON
HER QUICKLY. AS
SHE SPINS TO FACE
HIM HE CUTS HER
DOWN WITH A SHORT
SHARP UPPERCUT.
SHE LIES UNMOVING
FOR A MOMENT AND
THEN WRITHES
SLIGHTLY. HER
FACE CONTORTS WITH
PAIN)

CALLY: (GASPING) My hand. It burns.

(SHE HOLDS IT OUT.

BLAKE KNEELS BESIDE
HER)

BLAKE: Get the medikit someone.

(GAN, WHO IS
BACK ON HIS
FEET, HURRIES
TO GET IT)

13. INT. LIFE SUPPORT CELL. NIGHT.

(C.U. SAYMON'S RIGID
STARING FACE)

SAYMON: (V.O.) They must come to
us. They must come ...

14. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(C.U. CALLY'S FACE.
HER EYES SNAP OPEN.

BLAKE HAS GOT UP
TO TAKE THE MEDIKIT
FROM GAN.

AS HE BENDS BACK TO
WHERE CALLY IS
LYING, SHE REACHES
UP, PUTS HER HAND
ON THE BACK OF
HIS NECK AND PULLS.
AT THE SAME TIME
SHE KICKS UPWARDS
WITH HER LEGS.

BLAKE IS THROWN
OVER HER HEAD AND
ONTO HIS BACK. INSTEAD
OF LANDING HEAVILY
HE ROLLS WITH THE
THROW HOWEVER AND
COMES LIGHTLY BACK
ONTO HIS FEET.

AS HE TURNS CALLY
IS CLAWING FOR HER
GUN. BEFORE SHE
CAN REACH IT A
FOOT CLAMPS
DOWN HARD ON HER
WRIST AND A GUN
IS THRUST AT
HER FACE.

JENNA STARES
DOWN AT CALLY)

JENNA: (HARD) Whoever you are, it's
over. (Cont...)

(CALLY STRUGGLES
TO PULL HER
WRIST FREE.)

JENNA PRESSES
DOWN HARDER)

JENNA: (cont) I'll kill her!

(CALLY RELAXES
SUDDENLY. SHE
LOOKS UP AT JENNA)

CALLY: (V.O. - TELEPATHS) Thank
you Jenna.

(SHE SLUMPS INTO
UNCONSCIOUSNESS.)

JENNA RETRIEVES
THE MEDIKIT)

AVON: What was all that about?

BLAKE: She'd better be sedated Jenna.

AVON: And locked up. Or dumped. You
should never have brought her on
board.

(ENTER VILA,
GROGGILY RUBBING
HIS HEAD)

Where have you been hiding?

VILA: All I said was what d'you
think of the outfit?

ZEN: Repair monitors report explosive
device attached to primary power
channel.

BLAKE: Where?

ZEN: Hold three, access duct seven.

BLAKE: Can the automatics neutralise it?

ZEN: No.

BLAKE: Why not?

ZEN: There is no damage.

AVON: Computer logic. Until the bomb explodes there's nothing for the repair system to repair. (TO ZEN)
Can you re-programme the automatics?

ZEN: Pre-emptive interference in crew activity is forbidden.

BLAKE: (HEADING FOR THE DOOR) He'll clear up after us but he won't stop us making the mess.

AVON: (CALLS AFTER BLAKE) You made this mess.

(BLAKE EXITS)

JENNA: But we're all in it Avon.

(AVON STARES
AT THE DOOR FOR
A MOMENT)

AVON: Yes. Aren't we though.

(HE HEADS FOR THE
DOOR)

15. INT. LIBERATOR CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(BLAKE RUNS THROUGH
THE CORRIDOR,
HEADING FOR HOLD
THREE)

16. INT. WALL SECTION LIBERATOR'S HOLD.
NIGHT.

(ON THE CENTRAL
PANEL OF THE
BOMB WHICH CALLY
FITTED TO THE
MAIN POWER TUBE
THE TWO SMALL
LIGHTS CONTINUE
TO FLASH)

17. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(GAN IS CARRYING
THE UNCONSCIOUS
CALLY OUT)

JENNA: Make sure you lock her in.

GAN: Right.

JENNA: Anything on the detector scan?

VILA: Not a thing.

JENNA: (GLANCING AT HER CONTROLS)
Speed's up to standard by ten. (TO ZEN)
Drive repairs, how long?

ZEN: One point two five minutes.

VILA: Can you stop us then?

JENNA: (NODS) If we don't hit
something first. (TO ZEN) Forward
detectors?

ZEN: Repair monitors are assessing
the damage.

VILA: A bomb was all we needed to
complete the set.

18. INT. WALL SECTION LIBERATOR'S HOLD.
NIGHT.

(BLAKE LOCATES THE
BOMB AND BEGINS
TO EXAMINE IT
CAREFULLY. THE
SMALL LIGHTS
ARE STILL FLASHING.
HE LOOKS FOR A
WAY TO REMOVE IT.

AVON ENTERS BEHIND
HIM)

AVON: Be careful of that thing. If
those lights stop flashing you've
only got three seconds...

(AS HE SAYS THIS,
THE LIGHTS STOP
FLASHING)

Look out Blake!

(AVON DIVES AT
BLAKE KNOCKING
HIM ASIDE.

THEY BOTH CRASH
TO THE FLOOR.
AS THEY HIT AN
EXPLOSION BURSTS
FROM THE ACCESS
DUCT. THERE IS
A VERY BRIGHT FLASH
AS THE POWER
CHANNEL IS RUPTURED

19. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY
DIM THEN BRIGHTEN
AGAIN)

ZEN: Major disruption of primary
power channel. All systems switched
to auxiliary power. All drive units
are dysfunctional.

20. INT. WALL SECTION LIBERATOR'S HOLD.
NIGHT.

(BLAKE AND AVON
ARE PICKING
THEMSELVES UP)

BLAKE: Thanks. I owe you.

AVON: Automatic reaction. I'm as
surprised as you are.

BLAKE: I'm not surprised.

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Liberator in
Flight. Night. (Stock)

The Liberator plunges
on through space. The
drive unit is dim.

END TELECINE 4.

21. INT. LIFE SUPPORT CELL. NIGHT.

(C.U. SAYMON'S FACE.
THE EYES ARE CLOSED.
THEY OPEN SLOWLY)

SAYMON: (V.O.) They approach ...
drawing closer ... closer. We must
make ready.

22. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(JENNA SITS AT THE
CONTROLS.

BLAKE IS STANDING
BEHIND HER.

GAN AND VILA ARE
BOTH SEATED IN
THEIR POSITIONS)

JENNA: It wasn't what she was doing,
it was ... the way she was. If you
looked into her eyes it wasn't her
looking back at you.

GAN: Avon says that's because she's
an alien.

JENNA: Everyone's an alien to him.

BLAKE: He's certainly more at home
with machines.

ZEN: The navigation computers have
completed the theoretical projection
of Liberator's position.

BLAKE: And?

ZEN: This star system is largely
uncharted.

VILA: Oh that's marvellous. They're
not sure where we are but if they
were sure they wouldn't know it was
anyway.

ZEN: Repairs to the primary power channel are complete. All drive units are now fully functional.

(EVERYONE IS DELIGHTED.
THEY TURN TO THEIR
INSTRUMENTS WITH NEW
PURPOSE)

BLAKE: Reduce speed to standard by point five.

JENNA: Reverse primaries ...

(OPERATES CONTROL.
BEAT)

speed is now standard by one half.

BLAKE: (TO ZEN) Put up navigation projection.

(THE SCREEN ACTIVATES
AND IS FILLED BY A
STAR CHART. THERE
ARE VERY FEW STARS
SHOWING. AT SOME
POINTS THERE ARE
PLANETS OR STARS
MARKED IN WITH RED
CIRCLES ROUND THEM)

ZEN: Circles indicate projected planets, positions are unconfirmed.

BLAKE: Put on our estimated position.

(A FLASHING POINT
APPEARS ON THE
SCREEN. IT IS
POSITIONED VERY
NEAR TO ONE OF
THE CIRCLED POINTS)

That's too close to something we
can't see.

JENNA: And that we're not sure is
there.

BLAKE: What about the detectors?

ZEN: Partial malfunction is still
not traced. Repair monitors are
in phase two re-assessment.

BLAKE: Gan. See if there's anything
you can do to help Avon. Tell him
we need those detectors now.

GAN: Right.

(EXITS)

ZEN: Hull Sensors indicate a major
gravitational field within Liberator's
orbit.

BLAKE: Jenna ... Compensate for
gravitational drift.

JENNA: (PUZZLED) Our speed's
dropping.

BLAKE: Field drag?

JENNA: No, Field strength is only registering three point five. It's something else.

ZEN: Limited range forward vision is available should you require it.

VILA: Why couldn't you tell us that before?!

ZEN: The question was not asked.

BLAKE: Put up forward vision.

TELECINE 4x:

(On Screen)

The scanner screen
changes to show a thick
cloud that moves sluggishly
around them.

As we watch we see in
the murk a few heavy
strands of trailing
cord-like material,
hanging in the cloud.
As the ship appears
to move forward the 'cords'
part and move past.

It is as though the
ship is moving through
a series of bead curtains.

END TELECINE 4x.

22. CONTINUED.

(THE ATTENTION OF
EVERYBODY ON THE
FLIGHT DECK IS
DIRECTED AT THE
SCREEN)

VILA: What is it?

JENNA: Meteorite dust?

BLAKE: In strands like that? Look,
there's more of it.

TELECINE 4xx:

(On Screen)

The hanging strands are
becoming more dense and
web-like as they loom
out of the murk.

The area ahead of
the ship is festooned
with the web.

END TELECINE 4xx.

22. CONTINUED.

(WE HEAR A FAINT
SLITHERING SOUND
AND THEY GLANCE
UP)

BLAKE: It's rubbing across the hull...

VILA: And it's getting thicker ...

(THE SLITHERING NOISE
CONTINUES AND THE
FORWARD VISION SHOWS
THE 'CURTAIN' BECOMING
EVEN MORE DENSE)

JENNA: It's like a spider's web.

VILA: Some spider.

JENNA: It's pulling our speed
down ...

BLAKE: Increase power to compensate.

JENNA: Getting worse all the time.

BLAKE: If there is a planet there
we should be close enough to pick up
signals now. I'll see if there's
anything coming from it. (cont ...)

(HE MOVES TO THE
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION)

BLAKE: (cont) Could do with our communication expert right now. Go and see how she is Vila.

VILA: Must I? Whatever's wrong with her, it's dangerous.

JENNA: It's not catching.

VILA: It brought my head out in lumps.

(BLAKE GIVES HIM A LOOK)

Alright I'm going.

(BLAKE LOOKS AT THE
SCREEN AGAIN.

THE WEB IS NOW VERY
DENSE)

23. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.
NIGHT.

(AVON IS USING A
SMALL FAULT FINDING
INSTRUMENT TO CHECK
A PANEL OF COMPONENTS.

GAN IS BESIDE HIM)

AVON: Nothing wrong with that.

(HE TESTS ANOTHER)

GAN: What are you trying to do?

AVON: By-pass the detector comp
and use one of the other systems
to receive the signals ...

GAN: Can it be done?

AVON: Of course. It's just a matter
of making the link. The technology is
more advanced than anything I've
worked with before so I'm having to
guess at some of it.

GAN: What about the automatic repair
system?

AVON: Oh it'll do the job ... eventual-
ly. It's very methodical. Starts
at the beginning and works its way
through. (cont ...)

(GLANCES UP FROM
WHAT HE'S DOING)

AVON: (cont) It's slow. You should appreciate the problem.

(AVON TAKES A GAMBLE
WITH A JACK ON IT.
HE SELECTS A POINT
TO INSERT IT. HE
HESITATES BEFORE
MAKING THE CONNECTION.

HE PLUGS IN THE JACK.
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY
THE WHOLE COMPLEX OF
PRINTED CIRCUITARY
GLOWS WITH HEAT,
SPARKS AND BLACKENS.
THE 'FUSING' IS
ACCOMPANIED BY A LOUD
CRACKLING.

AVON REMAINS UN-
TROUBLED BY THIS.
BUT GAN, LOOKS
VERY CONCERNED)

(MILDLY) No, that's not the one.

GAN: But it could take days to
repair that!

AVON: (EXAGGERATEDLY PATIENT) On
any normal computer system but this
isn't any normal computer system.
A malfunction of that size will have
registered on the auto repair. It
will cut in, in about ten seconds ...
Watch.

(THEY LOOK AT THE
BURNT OUT CIRCUIT
PANEL. A SMALL
INDICATOR LIGHT
BEGINS TO FLASH)

Here it goes now ...

(THERE IS A HUMMING
SOUND. THEN A
COLOURED TRANSLUCENT
PANEL SLIDES DOWN
AND COVERS THE WHOLE
SECTION.

THROUGH THE PANEL
WE SEE A SERIES OF
RANDOM FLASHING,
INTENSELY BRIGHT
LIGHTS. THE LIGHTS
VANISH AND THE PANEL
SLIDES UP AGAIN TO
REVEAL THAT THE
CIRCUIT HAS BEEN TOTALLY
RESTORED TO THE
CONDITION IN WHICH
WE SAW IT ORIGINALLY.

GAN IS MUCH IMPRESSED)

GAN: That's fantastic ...

AVON: (DRYLY) Yes, isn't it.
(SERIOUSLY) Actually it is. We could
make a fortune if it wasn't for
Blake.

GAN: How do you mean?

AVON: There's always a market for
technology like this ...

GAN: But I don't think Blake would
agree to that.

AVON: There'll come a time when he
won't be making the decisions.

(GAN WILL NOT BE DRAWN)

GAN: Yes, but in the meantime, what
do I tell him?

AVON: (OFFHANDEDLY) Tell him I'm
doing the best I can ...

(AVON TURNS BACK
TO CHECKING OUT
THE CIRCUITS.

GAN SHRUGS AND
MOVES AWAY)

24. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(BLAKE IS STANDING
AT THE COMMUNICATIONS
PANEL. HE LOOKS
UP AS CALLY ENTERS)

BLAKE: Cally!

(VILA ENTERS)

VILA: She insisted. And there didn't
seem to be any painless way of
stopping her.

CALLY: How did I burn my hand?

VILA: She doesn't remember a thing.

BLAKE: An accident. How is it?

(CALLY HOLDS UP
THE HAND. IT
IS COVERED IN
SOMETHING NOT
UNLIKE A SURGEON'S
PLASTIC GLOVE)

CALLY: It heals.

ZEN: Sensors indicate increasing
density of silica based organic
material adhering to the hull.

(BLAKE GLANCES AT THE
SCANNER. THE WEB IS
NOW VERY THICK AS THEY
MOVE INTO IT)

JENNA: If it gets much thicker we won't have enough propulsive power to push through.

BLAKE: (TO CALLY) I can't find any transmission sources. But run the checks again will you.

(CALLY GOES TO WORK)

VILA: About spiders' webs ...

BLAKE: What about them?

VILA: They're used for trapping food ...

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Liberator in Space.
Night.

MODEL SHOT of Liberator
moving through murk and
the festooning web.
The ship is heavily
draped with trailing
web that clings all over
the hull. ESTABLISH.

END TELECINE 5.

25. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(BLAKE MOVES ACROSS
TO THE COMMUNICATIONS
SECTION.

CALLY IS OPERATING
CONTROLS)

BLAKE: Anything?

(CALLY SHAKES HER
HEAD)

CALLY: I have tried all recognised
communications systems. There is
nothing - no transmissions of any
kind.

BLAKE: We'll move out. Go back
the way we came.

JENNA: Without detectors? Blind
back-tracking is good way to run
into Federation pursuit ships.

BLAKE: We've no choice. Once we're
clear we can strike a new course
to the outer edge of the system.
We should be able to outrun them, if
necessary.

ZEN: Sensors register increasing
gravitational influence. Field
Strength now eight point six.

BLAKE: We're drifting closer in to the planet ... Watch it Jenna .

(TO VILA)

I want a new course ... Locate the centre of that gravitational field. I want an attitude that takes us directly away from it.

VILA: Right.

(IN THESE LAST EXCHANGES, JENNA AT THE CONTROL SEAT HAS BEEN OUT OF SHOT.

NOW, AS BLAKE TURNS TO SPEAK TO HER WE SEE ONLY HER BACK VIEW)

BLAKE: Jenna ... stand by to bring her round. How much reserve power is there?

(JENNA DOESN'T RESPOND. WE SEE HER BACK, AND SHE SITS RIGIDLY STILL. BLAKE SNAPS AT HER)

Jenna! (cont ...)

(STILL NO RESPONSE. WITH SOME CONCERN BLAKE MOVES DOWN TO STAND IN FRONT OF HER. AS HE SEES HER FACE HE REACTS. WE REVERSE TO SHOW HIS V.P.

JENNA IS IN A STATE OF CATALEPSY. HER BODY SO TENSE THAT IT TREMBLES IN MUSCULAR SPASM.

JENNAS' FACE IS
RIGID. HER EYES
STARE DIRECTLY
AHEAD AND SHE
BLINKS IN A REGULAR
TEMPO)

BLAKE: (cont) Jenna ... what's
wrong?

(JENNA NEITHER SEES
NOR HEARS.

BLAKE PUTS A HAND
TO HER FACE)

She's cold.... ice cold ...

(THE OTHERS HAVE
GATHERED NOW)

CALLY: What's the matter with her?

BLAKE: I don't know ... Jenna ...
Can you hear me ...? Jenna.

(SHE MAKES NO REACTION)

(TO VILA) Help me with her ...
we'll get her to her quarters.

(THEY TRY TO ASSIST
JENNA OUT OF THE
CHAIR BUT SHE GRASPS
THE ARMS FIRMLY AND
RESISTS THEIR
EFFORTS.

A FRIGHTENING LOW
MOAN ISSUES FROM
DEEP IN HER THROAT,
LIKE THE WHIMPERING
OF AN ANIMAL IN PAIN.

THE CATALEPTIC TENSION
COMES TO A VIOLENT
PEAK, THEN VERY SUDDENLY
IT BREAKS AND HER HEAD
SLUMPS FORWARD.

THE TENSION GONE, SHE
IS VERY LIMP FOR A
MOMENT, THEN HER HEAD
RISES AND SHE STARES
AROUND. THERE
IS SOMETHING VERY
STRANGE ABOUT HER FACE
NOW. SHE SHOWS NO SIGNS
OF RECOGNISING ANY OF THEM.

SHE SMILES AT THEM.
IT IS NOT JENNA'S
SMILE; SOMETHING VERY
UNNATURAL.

HER LIPS FORM WORDS.
BUT THERE IS NO
SOUND. THEN SUDDENLY
THE WORDS BEGIN,
THOUGH NOT IN JENNA'S
VOICE.

THE VOICE IS LOW
PITCHED AND FRIGHTENING.
SHE SPEAKS LIKE A
POSSESSED MEDIUM AT
A SEANCE)

JENNA: (POSSESSED VOICE) We have
waited for your coming for many years.
Welcome. It pleases us that you
are here.

BLAKE: Who are you?

JENNA: (POSSESSED VOICE) We will
meet shortly and then we shall
answer all your questions. For now,
it is only important that you under-
stand the danger of your situation.

BLAKE: Danger?

JENNA: (POSSESSED VOICE) Your ship is trapped. You cannot free yourselves.

BLAKE: We can pull free whenever we wish. You underestimate the power of our ship.

JENNA: (POSSESSED VOICE) On the contrary, you overestimate it. We have examined your ship most carefully through our daughter Cally. You would require to sustain your maximum power for one hundred and sixty hours to break out of orbit. Your energy cells would be exhausted in less than one hundred. Gravitational attraction would draw you back to your present position before your cells could be recharged.

BLAKE: If what you say is true how are we trapped, and by whom? You?

JENNA: (POSSESSED VOICE) We do have some influence on your safety in that it is within our power to release you from the web. That we can and will do, in return for assistance from you.

BLAKE: What do you want from us?

JENNA: (POSSESSED VOICE) In a few moments we will transmit a homing signal. It will give you a precise landing position. We will talk again when you have landed.

(JENNA'S HEAD FALLS
FORWARD AS IF SHE
HAD DROPPED ASLEEP.
BLAKE, ACCUSTOMED NOW
TO TALKING THROUGH
JENNA, CONTINUES TO
SPEAK TO THE OTHER BEING.
HE HOLDS HER SHOULDERS
AS THOUGH SPEAKING
DIRECTLY TO HER)

BLAKE: Wait...I'm not putting this ship down for you or anyone else.

(JENNA STAYS LIMP)

Do you hear me-

(NO RESPONSE FROM
JENNA)

CALLY: It has left her. Blake, that could have been me of the lost.

BLAKE: Don't be mystical Cally this isn't the time.

CALLY: It is a legend of my people. They were cast out. Unfit to share the soul of the Auronar.

(THEIR ATTENTION IS
TAKEN BY THE
COMMUNICATIONS
PANEL. IT STARTS
GIVING OFF A
REGULAR BLEEP.

CALLY CHECKS AN
INSTRUMENT)

CALLY: Yes. It is a beacon signal.

BLAKE: Get a fix on it.

VILA: Are you going down?

BLAKE: Not if I can avoid it - I don't like the sound of any of what we heard - it's got all the makings of a trap...

(BLAKE IS VERY
BUSINESS-LIKE
NOW. ATTENTION
GOES AWAY FROM
JENNA)

We'll try and pull out of here.

(JENNA IS SUDDENLY
WIDE AWAKE AGAIN
AND BACK TO NORMAL
WITH NO MEMORY OF
WHAT HAS HAPPENED.
SHE PICKS UP
EXACTLY AT THE
POINT WHERE SHE
BECAME "POSSESSED")

JENNA: Ready to go about.

BLAKE: Jenna? Are you alright now?

(JENNA IS PUZZLED)

JENNA: Yes ... Yes of course I am.

BLAKE: (BEAT) Yes of course you are. (TO VILA) Is the course set?

VILA: On the panel now.

BLAKE: Look on to it Jenna.

JENNA: Coming round. She's responding very slowly...Coming round. Coming round ... That's it! Looked on course.

BLAKE: Right...Give it all we've got - full thrust.

(JENNA OPERATES
THE CONTROLS
AND WE HEAR
THE INCREASING
SURGE OF POWER)

JENNA: Coming up to one quarter ... and rising fifty percent ... Sixty ... seventy ... eighty ... ninety ... full power.

BLAKE: Speed?

JENNA: (DISBELIEVING) Standard by one half.

BLAKE: Hold full thrust.

JENNA: Confirmed.

BLAKE: Cut in auxiliaries.

(JENNA HITS A SWITCH.
WE HEAR A FURTHER
POWER SURGE)

JENNA: Helped a bit ... we're up to standard by one and one half and building. But slowly.

BLAKE: Vila?

VILA: Yes.

BLAKE: Time to see if we're right
about those neutron blasters.

VILA: (PLEASED) At last.

(WE MOVE QUICKLY TO
THE CONTROL PANEL)

I've been looking forward to this.

BLAKE: Take it gently. It may
blow up in your face.

(VILA'S EXCITEMENT
VANISHES)

VILA: What did you want to say
that for?

BLAKE: See if you can cut a hole
through the web.

(VILA GINGERLY PUTS
HIS HAND ON THE
FIRING BUTTON)

VILA: (NERVOUSLY) Ready.

(BLAKE TURNS TO
THE SCANNER SCREEN)

TELECINE 5X:

(On Screen)

The screen shows
the dense weave of
web ahead of them.

END TELECINE 5X:

25. Continued.

BLAKE: Fire.

(VILA CLOSES
HIS EYES AND
PRESSES. NOTHING
HAPPENS)

ZEN: Neutron flare shield has not
been activated.

VILA: (LOOKING AT THE CONTROL PANEL)
Which one's that?

BLAKE: (TO ZEN) Activate neutron
flare shield.

TELECINE 5XX:

(On Screen)

There is a brief
burst of static
on the screen.
When the picture
returns it is
fuzzy and unclear.

END TELECINE 5XX:

25. Continued.

ZEN: Confirmed. Blasters are
cleared for firing.

(VILA PRESSES THE
FIRE CONTROL
BUTTONS)

TELECINE 5XXX:

(On Screen)

On the screen we
see a bright flash
that obscures
everything for a
few moments. When
fuzzy picture
returns, there
is a cave-like
hole through
the web.

END TELECINE 5XXX:

25. Continued.

VILA: I did it!

JENNA: We're picking up speed.

BLAKE: Alright ... now keep it
going!

TELECINE 6X:

(On Screen)

On the screen
drifts of web
start to fill
the hole.

END TELECINE 6X:

25. Continued.

VILA: It's closing up.

JENNA: We're getting drag again.
We're slowing.

BLAKE: Hit it again Vila.

(VILA DOES SO AND
WE SEE THE SAME
EFFECT ON THE
SCANNER)

ZEN: Power banks one and two now
exhausted. Energy drain exceeds
recharge capacity.

BILA: Every time I blast a hole
in it, it just knits up again...

BLAKE: Zen ... How long can we
sustain this rate of power loss?

ZEN: Standard drive plus
auxiliaries can be sustained for
ninety hours. Each neutronic
discharge reduces that capacity
by three hours.

BLAKE: How much distance have we
covered?

ZEN: One hundred spacials ...

(BLAKE IS FRUSTRATED
AND ANGRY)

BLAKE: We're not going to make it. All power off.

(JENNA HITS THE
APPROPRIATE
CONTROLS)

JENNA: All off.

(THE POWER SURGE
FALLS BACK TO
SILENCE.
DISAPPOINTMENT
FROM ALL.

CALLY AND VILA
JOIN BLAKE)

CALLY: What will you do?

BLAKE: There isn't a lot of choice.

JENNA: We're drifting back.

BLAKE: Let her go until we resume starting position ... Then hold her in fixed orbit.

(BLAKE HESITATES FOR
A MOMENT AND THEN
DECISIVELY)

Cally ... get an exact reading on that beacon ... Give it to Avon and ask him to stand by. I'm going to teleport down. Vila I want an atmosphere and gravity check

26. INT. LIFE SUPPORT CELL. DAY.

(ON SAYMON, WE DO
NOT SEE GEELA
AND NOVARA IN THIS
SHOT.

SAYMON'S EYES
ARE CLOSED. AS
BEFORE THEY
OPEN SUDDENLY)

SAYMON: (V.O) It must be soon...
There is little time left ... They
will come to us but it must be
soon. (cont....)

(WE ANGLE AWAY TO
THE WINDOW. THROUGH
THE GLASS WE SEE
A VAGUE SHAPE
IN THE MURK
OUTSIDE. IT
APPEARS HUMANOID,
BUT WE CAN SEE
LITTLE DETAIL.
THE CREATURE APPEARS
TO MOVE VERY
CAUTIOUSLY. A HAND
WIPES THE OUTSIDE
OF THE GLASS, SMEARING
IT.

A FACE PRESSES CLOSE
TO THE WINDOW. IT
IS INDISTINCT BUT
QUITE FRIGHTENING.
THE FIGURE MOVES
BACK FROM THE GLASS
AND IT'S SHAPE
BECOMES EVEN MORE
VAGUE.

THEN, WITH ALARMING
SUDDENNESS, THE
CREATURE IS BACK AT
THE WINDOW WITH A
LARGE PIECE OF ROCK
HELD IN BOTH HANDS.
IT POUNDS VIOLENTLY
ON THE GLASS WITH
THE ROCK IN A FRENZY
OF ATTACK.

WE HEAR THE ANIMAL-
LIKE GRUNTS AND THE
CRASHING OF THE
ROCK AGAINST THE
GLASS. THE ATTACK
CONTINUES BUT THE
GLASS RESISTS.

THE CREATURE IS
A DECIMA. WE SHALL
LEARN MORE OF THESE
LATER.

WE RETURN TO SAYMON)

SAYMON: (cont) (V.O) There is so
little time. They must come soon.

(THE SOUND OF THE
ATTACK CONTINUES
AS WE:)

27. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. NIGHT.

(AVON IS AT THE
TELEPORT CONTROLS.
CAN BESIDE HIM.)

BLAKE ENTERS
WITH CALLY)

BLAKE: Set?

AVON: All ready.

(BLAKE MOVES TO
THE TRAVEL
BRACELET CABINET
AND SELECTS ONE
OF THE BANDS)

CALLY: I must come with you.

BLAKE: No.

CALLY: You can trust me.

AVON: (IRONICALLY) Really?

BLAKE: I know we can. But
whatever's down there can control
you, it's already deconstructed
that.

CALLY: I was unprepared.

AVON: So were we.

BLAKE: It's better that you stay here. (TO GAN AND AVON) If I give you a call for back up ... then get down fast.

GAN: We'll be ready.

(BLAKE CROSSES TO HIM)

BLAKE: (QUIETLY) Keep an eye on Cally.

(GAN NODS)

AVON: And if something happens to you? What then?

(BLAKE GIVES HIM A WRY LOOK)

BLAKE: Then all you have to do is get everybody out of this mess...

(AVON DOES NOT REACT.

BLAKE GRINS AS HE
STRAPS ON THE
UTILITY BELT
AND GUN AND MOVES
INTO THE TELEPORT
AREA)

Alright ... put me down.

(AVON OPERATES
THE CONTROLS.
BLAKE DE-
MATERIALISES)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. The compound. Day.

The compound is an area surrounded by a high wire fence. A second much lower fence runs parallel. The two fences making a narrow security corridor.

Hard against the outer fence is dense vegetation pressing against the wire. Much of it is draped with web, giving it a ghostly, spectral look.

Most of the compound has been cleared of vegetation but some dense clumps remain. Mists wreath the area and vision is restricted.

We are on a dense clump of vegetation inside the compound. (The fence not visible at this point). A DECIMA, only vaguely seen, moves through the thick growth. We have only a fleeting glimpse, and the creature is gone.

BLAKE materialises amongst the 'Jungle' He looks around getting his bearings and straining to see. Some vegetation makes violent movement and we have a momentary indication of a DECIMA face pulling back quickly out of sight.

BLAKE: Somebody there? (cont...)

No movement or
sound.

BLAKE takes a
cautious step
forward. There
is a swishing sound
and a small 'stone-
age' throwing spear
zips forward and
strikes a glancing
blow on the back of
BLAKE'S hand. He
gives a gasp of
pain and drops to
a defensive
position and draws
his gun.

There is a
flurry of movement
amongst the
growth as the
thrower makes
off unseen.

BLAKE waits to
be certain his
attacker has gone
before he examines
his injury.

The wound is deep
and bleeding.

Awkwardly, BLAKE
takes a handkerchief
from his pocket
and binds it
round the wound.
Then, ready for a
further attack,
he pushes his way
out of the bushes
into the cleared
section where he
gets his first view
of the security
fence. He crosses
to the fence. He
moves along it
a little way,
noticing at one point
a litter of small bones.

Not far from these
he sees something
lying in the defence
corridor. A very
primitive stone-
age axe or weapon.

BLAKE, putting his
gun aside, reaches
for the axe. But
instinct halts him
before he puts
his hand through
the wire, and he
considers for a
moment.

He looks around
and finds a piece
of stick. One
handed he fastens
a piece of paper
from his pocket
onto the end of
it. He pushes
the stick carefully
through the mesh
of the inner fence.
The tip probes and
reaches the midway
point between the
fences. There is
a sudden bright
flash, the crackle
of electrical
static, and the
stick and paper
are burned to a
cinder.

BLAKE rises and
looks around
again and is
alerted by a
sudden, slight
sound, he can
see nothing.

Then he presses
the communicator
button on his
bracelet. And
speaks into it
softly.

BLAKE: (cont) Blake. Confirm reception.

AVON: (V.O) (DISTORT) We hear you. What's happening?

BLAKE: I'm inside a security fence... At least I think I'm inside ... I've heard some movement around me but I've seen nothing. I'll get back to you when I have something positive.

BLAKE moves away out of shot.

We stay on the empty space until a DECIMA creeps in. As it comes back. It is humanoid, essentially, but it's shoulders are high so that it's head appears to be set between them. It's 'skin' is a sickly white colour. It wears a 'Technology-made' thigh length sleeveless jerkin that shows signs of wear - dirty and torn.

(Note: Author's description - may be amended)

The real shock comes when the creature turns to camera and reveals it's face. Totally hairless and plastic smooth. It has a tiny mouth made for tube feeding. Two holes where nostrils should be.

It's eyes, set
low in the cheeks
are lidless and
small.

The DECIMA moves
off, tracking
BLAKE.

Ext. The Lab. Day.

The building is
of metal and
obviously designed
to protect it's
occupants as
thoroughly as
possible from
the elements and,
perhaps, from
attack.

The walls show
signs of long
aging with
lichen and moss
growing in patches.

BLAKE moves into
the section and
examines the walls.
He rubs one of
the port-type
windows and tries
to peer in, but
can see nothing.

BLAKE moves on
to reach a door
of the airlock
type. It is
firmly closed.
Beside it a small
glass observation
port. After
trying the door
and failing to
move it, BLAKE
stoops to peer
through the port.
We are close on
him.

An arm reaches in behind BLAKE. The hand moves slowly and finally touches BLAKE'S shoulder.

BLAKE'S reaction is naturally protective. He spins round defensively to come face to face with a DECIMA. The creature stretches both arms toward BLAKE.

BLAKE knocks the arms aside and pushes the DECIMA away. It falls to the ground.

BLAKE covers the creature with his gun.

The door starts to open slowly. While it is opening, the DECIMA crawls towards BLAKE.

BLAKE menaces with the gun.

BLAKE: Stay back....

The DECIMA continues to advance.

BLAKE not wanting to use his gun retreats.

BLAKE: Keep away....

On it's knees,
the DECIMA reaches
up imploring
hands to touch
BLAKE.

In the same
instant, NOVARA
steps out of
the door, holding
a sword-like
weapon. A prod
with the 'sword'
can immobilise
or kill -- delivering
a shock of
adjustable intensity.

As the DECIMA
touches BLAKE
it speaks in a
childish voice,
it's tone helpless
and pitiful.

DECIMA: Help us

Only at this
moment does
BLAKE realise
that the DECIMA
was not attacking
him, but pleading.
Before he can
do more than react,
NOVARA touches
the DECIMA with
the sword.

The DECIMA is
hurled backwards
by the shock
and lies dead.

BLAKE is horrified.

BLAKE: He wasn't trying to harm me...

NOVARA ignores the remark, looking guardedly around the area, sword at the ready. He is no longer the limp doll figure that we saw in the opening he is alert and athletic.

NOVARA: Inside quickly ... There are more of them in the compound...

BLAKE steps inside while NOVARA covers the darkness and then backs up to follow him.

The door is clanged shut.

END TELECINE 6:

28. INT. SPACE LABORATORY. DAY.

(THE LABORATORY IS
SPACIOUS. THERE
ARE WORK BENCHES
WITH COMPLEX
EQUIPMENT AND
A LIVING SECTION.

CLOSED DOORWAYS
LEAD TO OTHER
SECTIONS.

WHILE NOVARA
LOCKS THE
DOOR, GEELA,
NOW VERY
VIVACIOUS AND
ALIVE, MOVES
TO BLAKE WITH
SOME CONCERN)

GEELA: You are hurt... Come... I will
treat the wound.

(BLAKE ALLOWS
HIMSELF TO
BE LED ACROSS
THE LAB. PREPARES
TO CLEAN THE
WOUND.

NOVARA CROSSES
TO JOIN THEM)

BLAKE: Why did you kill him? He
was no threat.

(NOVARA IS
DISMISSIVE)

NOVARA: One of them obviously
was... But don't worry it was only a
Decima...

(BLACK WINCES
AS GEELA STARTS
TO CLEAN HIS
WOUND)

GEELA: You were lucky... It could have
been much worse... We've had groups
of more than thirty of them inside the
wire.

(THE HAND
CLEANED
OF BLOOD,
GEELA EX-
AMINES IT
CLOSELY. WE
SEE A BAD
GASH AND
HEAVY BRUISING)

Can you close your hand...?

(BLAKE MAKES
A FIST. IT
IS EXTREMELY
PAINFUL)

The tendons are not cut.

(SHE OPENS A SHALLOW
SEALED CONTAINER
AND USING A PAIR
OF TWEEZERS RE-
MOVES FROM IT
WHAT LOOKS LIKE
A VERY THIN
PIECE OF LIVER.
AS IT HANGS
FROM THE TWEEZERS
IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY
AS THOUGH IT MIGHT
BE ALIVE.

TO BLAKE'S
CONSTERNATION
GEELA PLACES
ON HIS INJURED
HAND. HE CAN
BARELY CONTAIN
HIS REVULSION
AS IT WRAPS
ITSELF ACROSS
THE BACK OF HIS
HAND AND GRIPS
IT SLIMILY)

BLAKE: (STRUGGLING FOR DIGNITY) What
is it?

GEELA: Don't be alarmed. It's a
simple engyme culture. Tissue re-
generation will only take a few
moments.

NOVARA: I'm sorry this happened...
The Decimas are becoming a problem.
When we have full power again we will
reduce other numbers.

BLAKE: It was asking for help.

GEELA: Don't waste your sympathy.
They want help to destroy us...
Stupid they may be, but they know that
our power is diminished and that we
are at our most vulnerable. Their
only hope for a future is to wipe us
out.

NOVARA: They've made several full
scale assaults on the lab. They can't
do too much harm, of course. Their
weapons are too primitive. But they
are a threat and will have to be
suppressed.

GEELA: There you see. It's dead.

(ON BLAKE'S
HAND THE
SLIMY COVERING
HAS DRIED AND
SHRIVELLED.

GEELA BRUSHES
IT AWAY. THERE
IS NO TRACE OF THE
WOUND)

BLAKE: That's astonishing.

NOVARA: A useful technique for
small wounds.

BLAKE: I've seen nothing like it before

NOVARA: Our mission has specialised
in tissue creation and regenerative
processes.

GEELA: Among other things.

NOVARA: I am Novara. This is my
sister Geela.

BLAKE: Blake.

GEELA: We are happy to see you. We
thought your ship would land. How did
you come here?

BLAKE: We have a teleportation process.

NOVARA: Fascinating. Perhaps you
would explain it to us?

BLAKE: I thought you'd already examined our ship.

NOVARA: Not all of it.

BLAKE : You used Cally to sabotage us, force us to come here.

GEELA: Would you have come otherwise?

BLAKE: Perhaps.

NOVARA: In that case we apologise.

BLAKE: You communicated with us through another of my crew.

NOVARA: A simple mental process... known to the ancients... we have developed and refined it. It is more reliable than mechanical transmissions..

BLAKE: You said you had the power to release my ship from the web?

GEELA: That is true. We created the web as you call it.

NOVARA: It is a eilica-based life form. A mutation not unlike fungus... Its spores germinate rapidly and it has enormous tensile strength. It can trap and hold the most powerful ships.

BLAKE: What's it for?

NOVARA: It was a line of research which

BLAKE: Got out of control?

NOVARA: To a degree. How do I get my ship free?

GEELA: We developed a fungicide that can be projected by a beam... It will clear a corridor through the web, you will be able to move freely...

NOVARA: However, that is where the problem lies. The problem is both yours and ours.

BLAKE: And is presumably the reason you brought us here.

GEELA: Let us show you. Come...
(cont...)

(SHE BECKONS
BLAKE AND HE
FOLLOWS AS
SHE AND NOVARA
MOVE TO A
PIECE OF
EQUIPMENT.

WHAT THEY SHOW
HIM IS A POWER
SOURCE. SIMPLIFIED,
IT IS A
BATTERY CONTAINER.
CABLES COME FROM
A METAL BOX OF
WHICH THERE ARE
FOUR LARGE GLASS
TUBES, SLOTTED
INTO CLIPS RATHER
LIKE FUSES.

THREE OF THE
TUBES ARE
COMPLETELY LIFE-
LESS.

ABOVE THESE
THREE THE
INSTRUMENTS
REGISTER ZERO.
THE FOURTH TUBE
HAS A FEEBLE
GLOW OF LIGHT,
THE DIAL ABOVE IT
SHOWS VIRTUALLY
ZERO.

GEELA INDICATES
THE POWER SOURCE)

GEELA: (cont) You recognise this?

(BLAKE EXAMINES
THE EQUIPMENT)

BLAKE: Power cells?

NOVARA: Flutonic power cells. As you
can see from the registers, three of
them are totally exhausted, the fourth
almost so.

BLAKE: You have no way of re-charging?

GEELA: No. When we have used what
remains, our life support systems will
fail and we will die.

NOVARA: But perhaps, more significant
from your point of view... We do not
have enough power to project the
fungicide.

BLAKE: So. I provide you with fully
charged energy cells...

GEELA: And in return, we provide clear
passage out of orbit.

BLAKE: I don't know that we carry
this type of cell... but we may have
something that can be adapted...

NOVARA: Then you agree?

BLAKE: Of course...

(BLAKE RAISES
HIS WRIST
COMMUNICATOR.
HE IS HALTED
BY A SUDDEN
FLURRY OF SOUND
AS THE DECIMAS
LAUNCH AN ATTACK
ON THE LAB.

WE HEAR THE
POUNDING AND
BEATING OF ROCKS
AGAINST THE METAL
WALLS.

NOVARA AND GEELA
GLANCE TOWARD
THE OUTER DOOR.
IT IS HOLDING
FIRM BUT IT SHOWS
SIGNS OF GIVING)

GEELA: Decimas.

(GEELA AND NOVARA
MOVE TO TIGHTEN
THE LOCKS.

BLAKE CROSSES
TO THE SMALL PORT
NEAR THE DOOR
AND PEERS OUT)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. The Compound. Day.

As from BLAKE'S VP.

We see the body of the
DECIMA killed by NOVARA.
Kneeling beside it is
another of the CREATURES.
In attitude and action,
the kneeling DECIMA
leaves us in no doubt
that it is bereaved.

The 'FEMALE' makes a
gentle gesture of
stroking the face
of its dead mate.
Two more DECIMAS stand
solemnly near.

The kneeling figure
looks up and stares
directly at BLAKE.
We ZOOM in tight
and clearly see tears
on the face.

END TELECINE 7.

29. INT. SPACE LABORATORY. NIGHT.

(SHOW BLAKE'S
REACTION TO
THIS VERY HUMAN
EMOTION. HE IS
TOUCHED BY IT AND
MADE TO FEEL
GUILTY)

TELECINE 8:

Ext. The Compound. Day.

One of the DECIMAS
gently moves the
'FEMALE' to her
feet. Then with
his companion lifts
the body and starts
to carry it away.
The FEMALE follows.

END TELECINE 8.

30. INT. SPACE LABORATORY. DAY.

(THE BANGING AND
CRASHING OF THE
ATTACK BEGINS TO
DIMINISH.

GEELA AND NOVARA,
SATISFIED THAT
THE DOOR WILL HOLD,
MOVE ACROSS TO JOIN
BLAKE AND LOOK
OVER HIS SHOULDER
THROUGH THE PORT)

NOVARA: The attack was a diversion so
they could move their dead.

GEELA: (COLDLY) Stupid creatures.
The taking of life seems to affect them.
Almost as if they had emotions...

(BLAKE CONTINUES
TO STARE OUT.

THE MOOD IS BROKEN
BY THE SHOCK
APPEARANCE OF A
DECIMA CLOSE ON
THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE GLASS.
THE CREATURE HOLDS
A ROCK IN BOTH
HANDS AND SWINGS
IT HARD AT THE
GLASS. WE SEE
THIS AS THOUGH FROM
BLAKE'S VP. AND
THE ROCK SEEMS TO
SMASH STRAIGHT
INTO CAMERA.

BLAKE JERKS
BACK IN A
REFLEX ACTION.
THE DECIMA
VANISHES)

NOVARA: The changes in them are
astonishing. The earlier generations
showed no indications of aggression.

(THEN, CHARMINGLY
IGNORING ALL THAT
HAS HAPPENED)

Are you going to contact your ship?

(BLAKE NODS,
TAKES A LAST
LOOK OUT AND
THEN GIVES HIS
ATTENTION TO
HIS COMMUNICATOR.
AS HE PRESSES
THE BUTTON.WE:)

31. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(ON THE FLIGHT
DECK, JENNA,
CALLY AND VILA.
THEY ARE ALERTED
AS BLAKE'S VOICE
CRACKLES FROM
THE RECEIVER.

GAN IS STANDING
NEAR CALLY TRYING
TO LOOK CASUAL)

BLAKE: (VO) Blake. Acknowledge
reception please.

(CALLY IS AT
THE COMMUNICATIONS
BOARD)

CALLY: Reception confirmed.

BLAKE: (VO) Tell Avon I need four
fully charged Flutonic power cells.
Or as close to them as he can get.

CALLY: I will then him.

BLAKE: (VO) Call me when he's ready
to bring them down.

CALLY: Understood.

(THE CIRCUIT
CLICKS INTO
SILENCE)

VILA: Ask him what's happening down there?

JENNA: Too late. He's gone.

CALLY: He did not sound as if he was in trouble.

JENNA: He'd have found a way of letting us know if he was...

CALLY: The have great power.

VILA: Why does he need those cells then?

(HE GRINS)

I'll go and tell Avon.

(VILA EXITS.

JENNA
CROSSES TO THE
PILOT SEAT.
AND CHECK THE
INSTRUMENTS)

JENNA: We're still drifting in.

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ZEN: The detector Malfunction has been rectified. Full function an all systems is now available.

JENNA: Run immediate navigation check and pinpoint our position. Then a maximum range orbital scan.

ZEN: Detectors indicate unidentified craft at extreme range.

JENNA: Put them on the screen.

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TELECINE 8x:

(On Screen)

Graphic:

The scanner
screen shifts
its picture to
a night sky.

There is a
formation of
tiny blips of
light moving
in the corner
of the screen.

END TELECINE 8x:

31. Continued.

CALLY: There they are.

JENNA: Pursuit ships. Don't they ever give up?

GAN: (TO ZEN) Are they coming this way?

ZEN: If they maintain present course and speed they will pass at a range not exceeding two million spacial.

JENNA: Their detectors will pick us up at that distance. That's too close.

(CALLY MOVES
TOWARDS THE
COMMUNICATIONS
DESK)

CALLY: Shall I tell Blake?

JENNA: There's nothing he can do until we're out of the web ...

CALLY: He should be told.

JENNA: If he's bargaining it'll weaken his position.

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CALLY: (SMILES) You are very
practical.

(THEY WATCH THE
BLIPS OF LIGHT
ON THE SCREEN)

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TELECINE 9:

Ext. The compound.
Day.

THREE DECIMAS skulk
into sight.

Their movement
suggests a sense
of purpose and
direction.

Each of them carries
a crude weapon of
some kind.

They move out of
SHOT.

Ext. The Lab.
Day.

A small group
of DECIMAS are
lurking in the
shadows.

WE pick up the
THREE as they
appear and join
the others. (six
in all)

The Evident LEADER
of the group gestures
and they split up and
move silently along
the wall of the lab.

There is great stealth
about their actions.
They are working to
a plan.

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WE follow one
of the DECIMAS
along the wall.

The CREATURE
ducks below the
level of one of
the ports so it
cannot be observed.

Then straightens
and moves on.

We HOLD and CLOSE
on the port.

END TELECINE 9:

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32. INT. SPACE LABORATORY. DAY.

(BLAKE, GEELA
AND NOVARA ARE
GROUPED AROUND
A PIECE OF ELECTRONIC
MACHINERY.

GEELA MAKES ADJUST-
MENTS TO DIALS AND
SWITCH FUNCTIONS.

THEN SHE TURNS AND
SMILES AT BLAKE)

GEELA: Complete. The beam is
aligned to your ship ... When we
have full power, this control...

(SHE INDICATES)

... will project a ray that will
clear a route through the web. It
will take three hours to close in
again.

BLAKE: That's more than enough
time.

(BLAKE LOOKS
INTERESTEDLY
AROUND THE
INTERIOR)

What was the original purpose of
the project?

NOVARA: Genetic engineering. There were two main aims. To halt the aging process in humans - to find a way to maintain continuous life.

BLAKE: (INCREDULOUS) Immortality?

GEELA: Not exactly. But death only when the individual decided to accept it. Never random or mischance.

BLAKE: And the second aim?

NOVARA: To create new species of animals, Creatures that would be able to perform simple menial tasks. Animal machines that cost nothing to produce and little to maintain.

BLAKE: Experiments like that have been outlawed for centuries.

GEELA: Which is why we had to establish our laboratory on an uninhabited planet.

BLAKE: Were any of these creatures made?

NOVARA: Yes. We engineered an efficient four function animal. Using the basic genetic form we then increased it to ten functions. The Decimas.

BLAKE: You made the Decimas?!

GEELA: The prototypes. They breed naturally. But a mutant strain has become dominant. They seem capable of thought ... They exhibit primitive emotions ... Weaknesses we thought we had eradicated.

NOVARA: They will all have to be eliminated so that we can be certain the mutant strain is destroyed ...

BLAKE: But they're intelligent living creatures! You can't just wipe them out!

GEELA: Hardly intelligent. Besides we gave them life. So we have the right to take it from them. Please don't concern yourself ... they are laboratory structured animals only - as are we.

(GEELA INDICATES
NOVARA.

FOR A MOMENT,
IN HIS DISGUST,
BLAKE ALMOST
MISSES THE
SIGNIFICANCE OF
WHAT GEELA HAS
SAID.

THE FACT COMES
HOME WITH SOME
FORCE)

BLAKE: You ...? Both of you are ...?
You were made?

NOVARA: We were genetically engineered, allowed to grow to maturity, then our aging processes were stopped. We have no lives of our own ... we are simply ... flesh and blood machines operated by our creators.

(BLAKE IS BEWILDERED.

GEELA SMILES. HER
MOUTH OPENS AND SHE
CHUCKLES, BUT THE
VOICE IS NOT HERS.

THE MOMENT IS QUITE
CHILLING.

WHEN SHE SPEAKS, IT
IS WITH SAYMON'S
VOICE)

GEELA: (SAYMON'S VOICE) You seem
confused my friend. We had intended
not to meet with you. However, as
you will be leaving us shortly, no
harm can come from your knowing us ...
Geela will bring you.

(GEELA INSTANTLY
REVERTS TO HER
OWN VOICE)

Come with me, please ...

(SHE LEADS BLAKE
ACROSS TO AN
INTERIOR DOOR.

NOVARA FOLLOWS.

BEFORE THEY REACH
IT, BLAKE IS
ALERTED BY A BUZZ
FROM HIS WRIST
COMMUNICATOR.

BLAKE PUTS HIS
WRIST TO HIS MOUTH)

BLAKE: Blake.

33. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.
NIGHT.

(AVON IS SPEAKING
FROM THE TELEPORT
OPERATING DESK.

VILA STANDS NEAR
WITH THREE OF THE
ENERGY CELLS)

AVON: Avon. Three of the cells
are fully charged. The last one should
be ready in exactly two minutes.

BLAKE: (VO) Get them down here
as soon as you can.

AVON: There's something else. We
have full function on the detectors
and they've located the pursuit ships.
They're coming this way.

BLAKE: (VO) Have everybody standing
by. We'll move out as soon as we're
back on board...

AVON: Right.

34. INT. SPACE LABORATORY. DAY.

BLAKE: (TO GEELA) Go ahead.

(SHE TAKES HIM
TO THE DOOR, OPENS
IT AND STANDS ASIDE
FOR HIM TO ENTER.)

BLAKE HESITATES,
THEN, WARILY STEPS
INSIDE)

35. INT. LIFE SUPPORT CELL. DAY.

(BLAKE PAUSES TO
ADJUST TO THE
LIGHTING.

HE SEES SAYMON
AND CROSSES TO
LOOK MORE CLOSELY.

SAYMON'S EYES
MOVE SLOWLY TO
LOOK AT BLAKE.

HE SPEAKS.

THE VOICE IS OLD
AND FRAIL)

SAYMON: You must excuse me. I have
not spoken in a long time. My name
is Saymon. At least that is the name
by which this body was once known. I
am a corporate identity. We exist
through this body.

BLAKE: We?

SAYMON: There were six of us when
we set out on this project. Unfortunately
our knowledge was not far enough ad-
vanced then to eliminate death. Though
we did possess the power to keep alive
our thoughts and ideas. The bodies died
and decayed, but the minds lived on...

BLAKE: Cally's people. The Auronar...

SAYMON: Yes. We were from the Auronar. But not of them as Cally is.

BLAKE: That's why you could control her.

SAYMON: That's why we had to control her. She would not have accepted us freely.

BLAKE: You are the only one of the six that is left ...?

SAYMON: Yes. Mechanical aids sustain this body ... Through it, all six of us continue to live ... Our combined mental powers generate Geela and Novara to carry out all physical operation in our experiments ...

BLAKE: They have no life of their own?

SAYMON: None. If our life support should fail, they would simply wither away. But, thanks to you and your energy cells. That will not occur.

BLAKE: So, everything I talked to them about ... all they've told me ... That was you speaking, not them.

SAYMON: Correct.

BLAKE: And you meant what you said. You're going to destroy the Decimas?

SAYMON: It is necessary. It would have been wiser to have done so before they became so numerous ... But to discharge a lethal level of radiation required more power than we had available.

BLAKE: And the fresh cells I'm providing will give you enough power to do that?

SAYMON: Of course ...

BLAKE: No. I can't let that happen ..

SAYMON: You have no choice. Without that power you cannot escape the web.

BLAKE: Then we must have new understanding. You don't get the cells until we do ...

(BLAKE SNAPS ON
HIS COMMUNICATOR
AND SPEAKS QUICKLY)

Blake ... Avon - stay on board until you hear from me.

36. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.
NIGHT.

(CLOSE ON VILA
AT THE CONTROL
DESK)

VILA: This is Vila - repeat.

BLAKE: (VO) Don't teleport Avon until
I say so ...

(WIDEN QUICKLY
TO SHOW THAT
AVON IS NOT
PRESENT)

VILA: I just did. I put him down
about ten seconds ago ...

37. INT. LIFE SUPPORT CELL. DAY.

(BLAKE'S ACTIONS
ARE SWIFT NOW)

BLAKE: He'll be in the compound
now.

SAYMON: If the Decimas reach him
he will be in danger - those power
cells must be protected!

BLAKE: I don't care about the cells.
One of my friends is out there ...

(BLAKE HURRIES
TO THE DOOR.)

GEELA AND
NOVARA ARE
WAITING)

NOVARA: We will help.

38. INT. SPACE LABORATORY. DAY.

(THE TRIO MOVE TO THE
MAIN EXIT URGENTLY.

NOVARA AND GEELA OPERATE
THE MAIN DOOR LOCKS.

BLAKE PEERS OUT OF THE
PORT INTO THE DARKNESS)

TELECINE 10:

Ext. The Compound. Day.

The compound from BLAKE's
V.P.

It appears empty, then
we see a brief glimpse of a
DECIMA as it flits from one
piece of cover to
another.

END TELECINE 10.

39. INT. SPACE LABORATORY. DAY.

(NOVARA NOW HAS THE
LOCKS UNFASTENED.

BLAKE TURNS AWAY FROM THE
PORT)

NOVARA: Can you see him?

BLAKE: No. There's something moving
out there though.

(NOVARA OPENS THE DOOR
CAUTIOUSLY, AND LOOKS
THROUGH. REASSURED,
HE PULLS IT OPEN
MORE WIDELY AND BLAKE
LEADS THE WAY OUT.
GEELA AND NOVARA PICK
UP POWER SWORDS AS THEY
MOVE AFTER HIM)

TELECINE 11:

Ext. Space Laboratory. Day.

They stare around. We take their VP to show the area of empty compound, ominous in it's stillness.

BLAKE motions to GEELA and NOVARA to move off in one direction. Whispering:

BLAKE: You take that side....

GEELA and NOVARA move off guardedly, power swords at the ready.

BLAKE hesitates and then ghosts away in the opposite direction.

We HOLD on the door. It is still open and a DECIMA slithers down from above and beside the door, having been hiding on the top of the laboratory.

Nervously, the DECIMA looks in the direction taken by the HUMANS, then turns to stare at the glow of light from the open door.

ANOTHER ANGLE: We see GEELA and NOVARA edging round the wall. They pause and stare into the direction of an imagined sound. Then they move on.

Ext. Cmpound. Day.

PICKING UP ON BLAKE as he comes forward. He halts at a definite scuffle of sound.

BLAKE: Avon?

No answer, but the sound is repeated.

From the opposite direction of BLAKE's stare, a DECIMA lunges from cover, a stone weapon raised for attack.

BLAKE turns just in time to defend himself and is able to deflect the blow.

His struggle with the DECIMA is brief. He finally lands a punch that knocks it to the gound unconscious.

Ext. Space Lab. Day.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Showing the progress of GEELA and NOVARA. As they move out of sight, a pause before TWO DECIMAS appear, following them.

Ext. The Compound. Day.

BLAKE edges up to the wire and moves along it.

Halted by a sound he spins, ready to defend himself. But is enormously relieved when AVON steps from the shadows. He is carrying a small box with a hinged lid and a handle on top.

AVON: I've been looking for you.
What's going on?

BLAKE: Let's get out of sight first.

BLAKE pulls him into
cover.

They slide into dense
vegetation and crouch
defensively.

BLAKE: Got the cells?

AVON indicates the box.

AVON: Did you think it was field
rations?

BLAKE: Listen We've got a problem.
If we let them have those, they'll use
them to wipe out a whole race of
creatures here.... people.

AVON: (OFF HANDEDLY) If that concerns
you, don't let them have the cells.....

BLAKE: There's more. They've got a
carrier beam which projects a fungicide
that'll clear a way through the web for
us. It won't work without this power.

AVON: Well if it's the creatures or us
then there's no argument. Even your
irrational conscience should be able
to cope with that.

BLAKE: It's never that simple Avon.

AVON: It is to me. (BEAT) Alright
what do you want to do?

BLAKE: Hold off long enough to make some kind of deal.

AVON: There isn't much time, Blake.... Those pursuit ships are coming this way.

BLAKE: We'll hide the cells. They'll get them when they agree to our terms....

AVON: And what are our terms?

BLAKE: They'll use lethal radiation to kill everything out here.... If they let us destroy the radiation equipment then the Decimas have some sort of chance.....

AVON: Why should they agree?

BLAKE: They need the power. They can't survive without it.

AVON: Neither can we.

BLAKE: I'll try to remember that.

AVON: Don't worry. I'll remind you.

BLAKE reacts, takes the cells and moves out.

Ext. Space Lab. Day.

BLAKE and AVON slip into the shadow of the wall and BLAKE takes the cells out of the box, which he throws away. He then buries the cells in a shadow hole in the sandy soil. Suddenly he tenses. AVON draws his gun.

BLAKE shows relief as GEELA and NOVARA appear.

BLAKE: (TO AVON) It's alright....

AVON lowers his gun.

NOVARA: Let's get back inside quickly.

As BLAKE makes to move.

NOVARA: Where are the cells?

BLAKE: He didn't bring them. We'll get them as soon as we've talked.

GEELA: You are lying....

GEELA and NOVARA level their power swords at BLAKE and AVON.

BLAKE: You'll get them when you agree to our terms.....

NOVARA motions to AVON.

NOVARA: Throw your weapon away....

AVON hesitates.

NOVARA: (HARD) Do it!

AVON reluctantly drops the gun, NOVARA turns his attention to BLAKE.

NOVARA: You....

BLAKE throws his gun aside.

NOVARA: Now.... the cells!

AVON: I didn't bring them....

Without warning GEELA touches AVON's hand with her sword. AVON gasps and clutches his hand which is twitching and cramping uncontrollably.

GEELA: Minimum power. A full charge could cut you in half.

NOVARA: Understand, your lives are totally unimportant to us.....

There is no doubt that NOVARA means what he says. When BLAKE still hesitates, NOVARA makes a very certain menace to AVON with his sword. BLAKE submits.

BLAKE: Alright.....

He scoops the cells from their covering of sand.

GEELA takes them.

Suddenly a large rock is thrown and crashes against the wall near them.

NOVARA: Quickly.

They move off but the
DECIMAS attack with stones
and sticks as weapons.
DECIMAS crowd around them
and they have to push clear.

ANOTHER ANGLE: On the
doorway as BLAKE'S group run
to it. The DECIMAS are
close behind them.

NOVARA is the last to
enter. The door shuts
behind him, but before it
can be fully closed, DECIMAS
are pressing against it.

END TELECINE 11:

40. INT. SPACE LAB. DAY.

(NOVARA HOLDS
THE DOOR AGAINST
THE PRESSURE.

UNABLE TO POSITION
IT TO CLOSE
THE LOCKS, HE
PUSHES HIS
FOREARM THROUGH
METAL BRACKETS,
SO THAT THE
ARM IS EFFECTIVELY
THE BAR THAT
STOPS THE DOOR
FROM BEING OPENED.

HIS ARM IS
BEING BROKEN BY THE
PRESSURE BUT
HE SHOWS NO
INDICATION OF PAIN.

MEANWHILE, GEELA
KEEPS BLAKE AND
AVON COVERED WHILE
SHE EDGES TOWARDS
THE POWER
UNIT. SHE REMOVES
ONE OF THE DEAD
CELLS AND
REPLACES IT.

AS IT SLIPS INTO
PLACE, THERE IS
A SURGE OF
POWER FROM THE
LIGHTS. THE CELL
ITSELF GLOWS
BRIGHTLY.

SWIFTLY, GEELA
PRESSES IN THE
OTHER CELLS.

ALL GLOWING
WITH LIFE.

BLAKE
MAKES A MOVE
TO INTERFERE BUT
GEELA MENACES
HIM.

FROM THE DOORWAY
(NOVARA CALLS)

NOVARA: I cannot hold.

GEELA: I will irradiate...

(SHE CROSSES
TO A PIECE OF
EQUIPMENT)

BLAKE: No Geela...!

(SHE KEEPS HIM
AT BAY WITH
THE LASER SWORD
AND HER HAND
REACHES FOR THE
CONTROL.

FROM BEHIND THE
EQUIPMENT, A
DECIMA SUDDENLY
APPEARS. HE
SWINGS A BLOW
AT GEELA THAT
SENDS HER TO THE
GROUND, DAZED.

THE DECIMA RUSHES
AT BLAKE. THERE
IS THE BRIEFEST
STRUGGLE AND THE
DECIMA IS KNOCKED
ASIDE.

TREMENDOUS PRESSURE
FROM OUTSIDE
THE DOOR FORCES IT
OPEN.

NOVARA IS
THROWN BACK, HIS
ARM TWISTED AT A
TOTALLY UNNATURAL
ANGLE.

DECIMAS SWARM
INSIDE. BLAKE
DIVES ACROSS TO ANOTHER
CONSOLE, WHICH
CONTROLS THE
PROJECTION OF THE
FUNGICIDE BEAM.

NOVARA HOLDS
OFF THE DECIMA
INVASION BRIEFLY.

BLAKE OPERATES
THE BEAM)

TELECINE 12.

Ext. Liberator in
Space. Night. Model.

The Liberator
draped with the
Gossamer and the
Space around it
curtained with the
web.

The ship is
suddenly bathed in
light and the
web melts away.

A corridor-like
Hole appears beyond
the ship.

END TELECINE 12.

41. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(CALLY, GAN
AND JENNA ARE
TO THE FLIGHT
DECK)

TELECINE 12X.
(on screen)

The big scanner
screen shows the
opening corridor
in the web.

END TELECINE 12X

41. Continued.

GAN: He did it! We're free.

JENNA: Not yet...

42. INT. SPACE LABORATORY. DAY.

(BLAKE AND
AVON TURN THEIR
ATTENTION TO
THE INVADING
DECIMAS.

NOVARA IS STRUCK
DOWN BY A BLOW
FROM A WEAPON.

THE DECIMAS SWEEP
IN, SWINGING
WILDLY AT
EVERYTHING IN
SIGHT. LABORATORY
EQUIPMENT IS
SHATTERED
INDISCRIMINATELY.

BLAKE AND AVON
BACK UP TOWARDS
THE DOOR OF THE
LIFE SUPPORT CELL)

AVON: (SHOUTS) These were what
you wanted to protect?

BLAKE: (SHOUTS) They're fighting
for their lives!

AVON: Who isn't!

(WE FEATURE
ONE OF THE
LEADING DECIMAS
SWINGING A STONE
AXE. HE SWIPES
AT THE EQUIPMENT
THEN CLEARLY WE
SEE THE AXE HIT
THE GLASS ENERGY
CELLS.

THEY SHATTER
AND THE LIGHTS
BEGIN TO DIM.

INSTRUMENTS BEGIN
TO SWITCH OFF
AND RUN DOWN.

BLAKE THROWS OPEN
THE DOOR TO THE
LIFE SUPPORT CELL)

43. INT. LIFE SUPPORT CELL. DAY.

(AS BLAKE LOOKS
IN THE INDICATOR
LIGHTS ON THE
LIFE SUPPORT
MACHINERY ARE
GOING OUT.

AN ANGLE ON
THE FACE OF
SAYMON. HIS
EYES CLOSE AND
THE HEAD SAGS.

BLAKE TURNS AWAY)

44. INT. SPACE LAB. DAY.

(AVON IS REACTING
IN AWED DISGUST.

HE BRINGS BLAKE'S
ATTENTION TO
THE SCENE.

THE DECIMAS ARE
HALTED BY THE
SIGHT OF GEELA
AND NOVARA AND
WHAT HAS HAPPENED
TO THEM.

WE SEE THEM
BOTH UNCONSCIOUS ON
THE GROUND. THEY
HAVE TURNED INTO
ACIENT WRINKLED
SHELLS.

BLAKE AND AVON
ARE SICKENED?

AVON: Let's get out of here...

(BLAKE NODS
AND SPEAKS INTO
HIS COMMUNICATOR)

BLAKE: Blake. Ship us up.

(THE DECIMAS,
AWED AND SILENT,
THOUGH STILL
MENACING LOOK
TOWARDS BLAKE
AND AVON. THEY
BEGIN TO ADVANCE.

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BUT AVON AND
BLAKE BEGIN TO
DE-MATERIALISE)

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TELECINE 13:

Ext. Liberator in
Space. Night.

Model Liberator
turns slowly and
moves off through
the web corridor.

45. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(ALL PRINCIPALS ARE
ON THE FLIGHT DECK.)

BLAKE STANDS ALONE,
LOOKING AT THE
SCREEN, WATCHING
THE NOW LARGE BLIPS
OF LIGHT THAT RE-
PRESENT THE PURSUIT
SHIPS)

BLAKE: (TO ZEN) Navigation computers
to evasive action strategy. Key
course and speed to optimum escape
probability. Lose them Zen.

ZEN: Confirmed.

(AVON MOVES TO STAND
BESIDE HIM)

AVON: They proved one thing back
there.

BLAKE: What was that?

AVON: (WRYLY) Biological machines
will never replace the real thing.
Far too unpredictable.

BLAKE: At least the Decimas stand
a chance now. It's odd isn't it,
the way living creatures can never
be completely separate ... completely
unconcerned. As though just the
fact that you're both alive involves
you together.

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AVON: I couldn't agree with you less.

BLAKE: (GRINS) I think it's a fact
of life. Cally ...

(CALLY LOOKS TO
BLAKE)

You know a lot about the Federation
defence system. Where can we really
hurt them?

(CALLY THINKS.
THEN VERY
POSITIVELY)

CALLY: Kieron. The space control
centre ...

BLAKE: Zen. When we've lost the
pursuit ships set a course for Kieron.

ZEN: Confirmed.

AVON: I'll tell you another fact
of life Blake. Change is inevitable.

BLAKE: Why else would we fight Avon?

(HE SMILES AT AVON.
AS HE TURNS AWAY
HE NOTICES THAT GAN
IS STILL LURKING
NEAR CALLY AND
STILL TRYING UN-
SUCCESSFULLY TO
LOOK CASUAL)

It's alright now Gan.

GAN: (STARTLED) What?

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BLAKE: You can stop now.

GAN: Oh. Right.

(HIS EXPRESSION IS
A MIXTURE OF RELIEF
AND DISAPPOINTMENT)

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TELECINE 14:

Ext. Liberator in Space.
Night. (Stock)

Liberator in cleap
space zooms off into
the stars.

SUPOSE CAM: Closing
 Credits
 And
 Titles:

END TELECINE 14.

FADE OUT.